

Hazel and the Jumbly Band

An Oodleloo story

3-8

Made with Oodleloo



In the clover meadow, Hazel started a band. "Hop to the beat!" she called, thumping her back foot on a log. Thump, thump.



A woodpecker came to tap on a fence post. A frog came to croak. Two crickets came to chirp.



"Ready? Play!" said Hazel. And everyone played as loudly as they could, all at once.



Tap, croak, chirp, thump, tap, croak! It was not a song. It was a jumble, like a basket of yarn tipped out on the grass.



The crickets chirped louder to be heard. The frog croaked louder. Soon Hazel had to fold down her long ears.



"Stop, stop," said Hazel. "We are all playing, but nobody is listening."



Hazel had an idea. "Let's close our eyes," she said. "I will play the beat. Everyone, just listen first."



Thump... thump... thump... thump. Slow and steady, Hazel's foot on the log. Everyone listened, and heads began to nod.



"Now come in, softly," whispered Hazel. The woodpecker tapped on every thump. The frog croaked in between.



The crickets listened carefully, and found a spot of their own, chirp, chirp, right after the croak.



Thump, tap, croak, chirp, chirp.
Thump, tap, croak, chirp, chirp.
The jumble had turned into a song.



The band played until the sky went pink. "The secret," said Hazel, "is to listen as much as you play."